



# Duenaic Chronicles



adventure

magic

humor

26 1 3

## Chapter 1 by Lord Yorxid

### Prologue

Before anything else, there are three things you should know about me: I hate lecturing, I'm a simple man, and I have simple needs.

And you can be sure that I didn't want to do this. It was easily one of the craziest things I've ever done, and that's before I realized I used to be a god.

There are so many other more prepared, more qualified people that could have done this. Not to mention how this did not fit into my needs or skill set. Maybe right around now you're picking up on how much I didn't want to do this. Heck, I could lecture you on how I didn't want to do this. But I won't, because even if I had the opportunity, I wouldn't trade it for anything.

This is a story about how I single handedly (with a little help from my friends) took down one of the most dangerous villains of our time. But before I begin, I should probably give you a bit of

backstory.

My name is Hayden Alexander Fe... I have green eyes and usually disheveled brown hair. I wear a black t-shirt with a golden chestplate over the shirt. I'm fourteen, live in a small town (I don't want to name it), and went to Macbelle's School for the Gifted to learn how to control magic. I was almost consistently bored

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out of my mind, because I already knew everything the teachers would teach. The only reason I still attended is because I must have at least seven years of official schooling to go to Clark University, where I would have studied trans-dimensional travel. From there, I was planning on exploring all the other parallel universes.

See? I had my whole life planned out! And now you're going to hear all about how that plan was ripped to pieces, thrown to the ground, viciously stomped on, and exploded into oblivion. Subtly.

It was actually quite a pleasant process.

## Chapter 2 by TheProfessor



The day started like any other.

I arrived at school just as the quarter bell filled the halls with its melodious charms. The vigor it magically spread around the school filled me, and all my fellow students, with an excitement for the day before us. I knew it was a magically induced emotion and yet I cared not, for the farther you get into magic, the more you realize magic is the most natural thing in the universe. So when it is stitched together with the natural plane in such a harmonious way, one can only feel at peace with the results. Whether or not you genuinely felt this way before you heard the quarter bell.

I slipped my way down the halls past the bustling students. Even though I already knew everything I was going to "learn" today, it was still beneficial to be here. Steeping myself in a magical environment kept me on my toes and better suited to face my own personal studies. I'd been reading about 33F-Kortan, our "closest" parallel universe, (if you can use the word closest when talking about trans-dimensional travel, by closest I meant the universe which has been easiest for UMA to link a class-3 tri-fabric woven wormhole to. But it was just easier to say "closest")

as these thoughts filled across my brain I stepped into the wrong class, and unwittingly changed the course of my life for

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